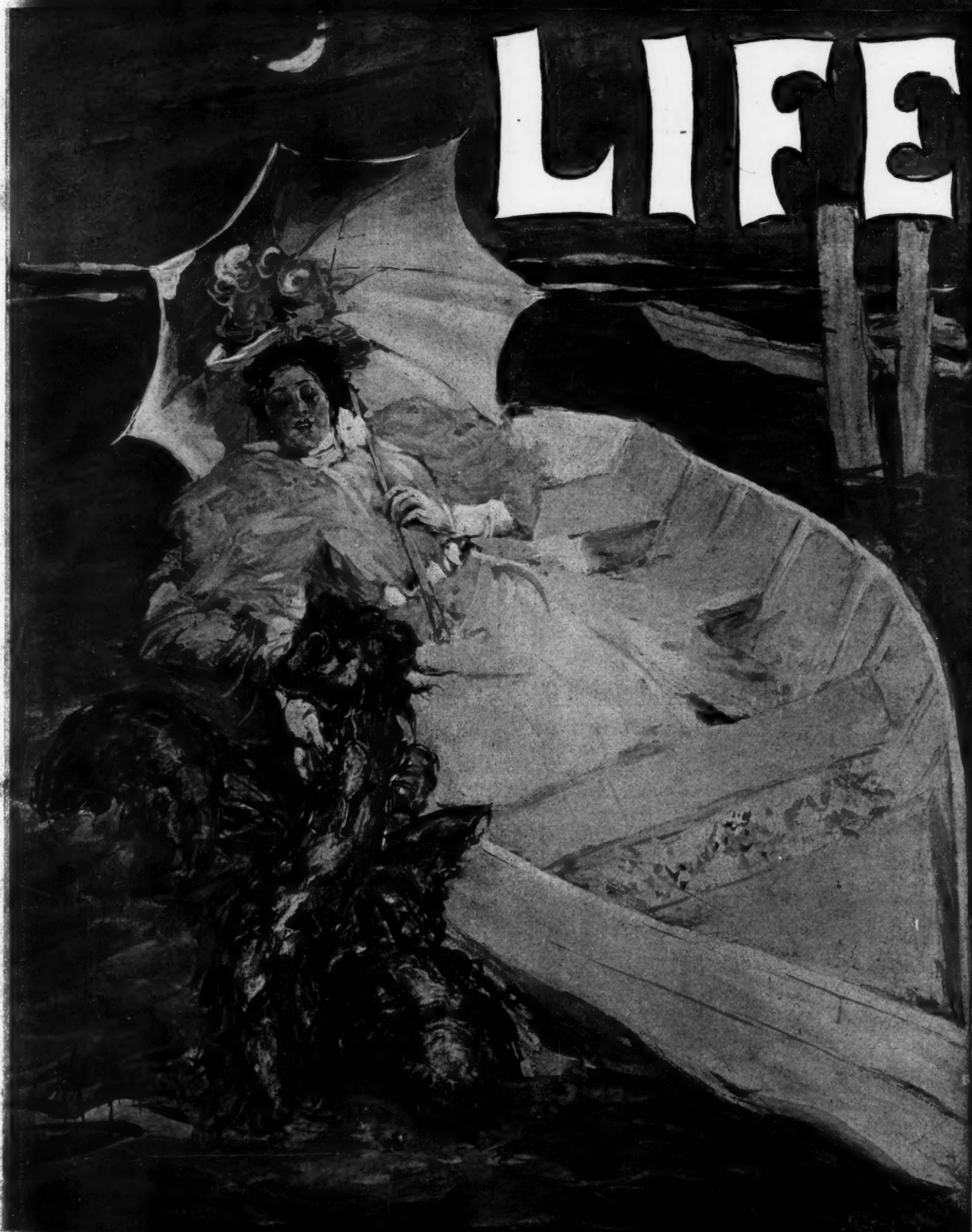


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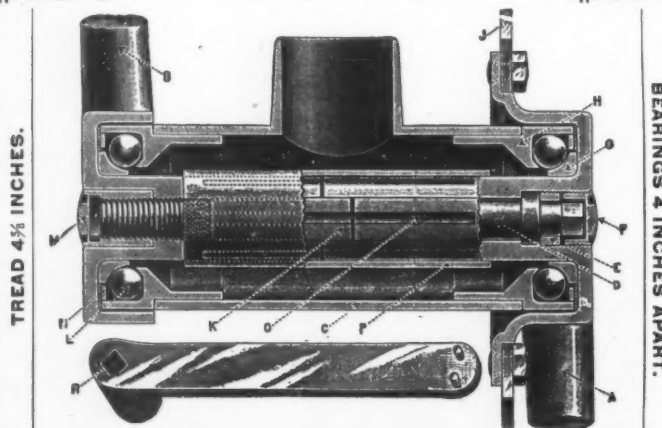
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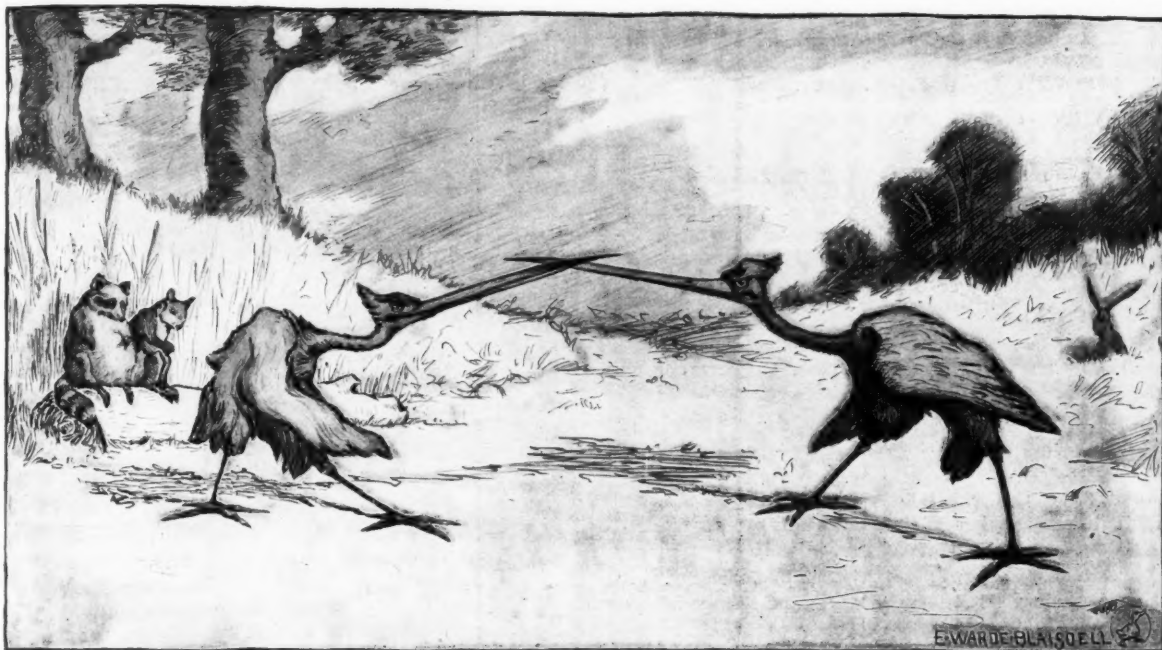
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AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

AVENUES TO GREATNESS.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL EDITOR.

THIS is quite easy. First secure some seven or eight millions in ready cash and buy up all the talent in sight. By "talent" is meant those whose names have become household words. You will have no difficulty in doing this provided you spend money enough. The true value of most literary reputations is measured by their price in the open market.

You may then proceed to print pictures of your special writers with appropriate text about them, what they eat and drink, how many hours they sleep, the clothes they wear, etc. This is what the public

is clamoring for. Occasionally they may write something themselves. Having bought them only for what they *have* done, however, this is unimportant, and besides, all their ideas have long since been exhausted, and the public does not expect them to do anything more.

After this the most necessary thing is to secure a competent corps of photographers, a staff of dime novel writers and an auxiliary of able degenerates to scour the country in search of horrors. The time is not far distant when every great editor will raise his own working staff direct from the criminal classes.

Never attack a class, but only the individuals in it. You will thus accomplish your purpose and not injure your circulation. Remember that it is better to slur a European war than omit the story of a dizzy blonde in Kansas who has throttled her youngest child the night before. This is what the public

is interested in, and you should print it on the front page, with appropriate pictures eleven inches square and several feet deep. By zealously pursuing these high ideals, in the course of a few months you will begin to realize on your investment, and it will then be in order for you to go on the platform and lecture on "The Press as a Public Benefactor."

T. M.

AN EARLY INSTINCT.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN:
Don't cry, my little man; here's a dime for you. Now tell me what you will do with it?

SMALL BOY: Match yer to see if it's two or nothin'.

MRS. QUIVERFUL (sternly):
What was going on in the parlor, last night?

ETHEL (blushing): Only my engagement ring, mamma.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST 20, 1896. No. 712.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

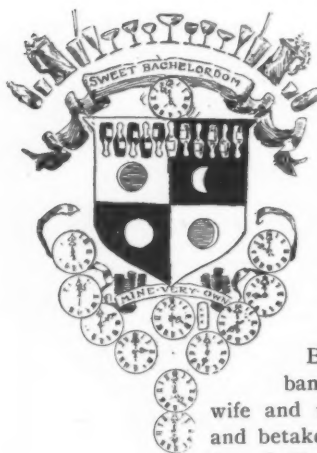
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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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DURING the hot spells of this hot month let us all be kind to our stomachs and considerate of their infirmities. The attitude of the wise man toward his stomach varies widely according to the season, the weather and the business in hand. There are times when the stomach can be abused for a short period without much damage accruing; again and for longer terms it can be treated like a horse; again it may be used like a boarder and made to take what is set before it, and again like a member of the family and pampered just a little out of pure affection. But in the dog days treat your stomach like a guest. Use him delicately, with the hospitality that offers one's best and refuses nothing obtainable and yet that is not oppressive in attentions. So may he serve you faithfully and with steady energy until the dog days come again.



THE Philadelphia Times eulogizes the American husband, who lives in a big city, for his heroic endurance of the loss of the comforts of home in the summer. He has to stay in town long after his wife and children have left. He doesn't like it, and the older he grows the less he likes it, but he bears it with patience because it is necessary to his family's health and comfort.

Bully for the good American husband, but bully also for the American wife and mother who abandons her lord and betakes herself to places that often she doesn't like, that her children and his may have a chance to grow up. Just as much praise is due to her as to him. Often she has a mortal dull month in a cheap place, where fun is scarce, while he at least has playmates in town. Neither husband nor wife gets the best of the summer separation; the gainers are the children.



A MASSACHUSETTS clergyman has written to Mr. Bryan protesting against the continued use of the metaphor about the crown of thorns and the cross of gold in the campaign. Mr. Bryan can't help it now. He let his genie out of the bottle and can't get him back however much he may come to wish him at the bottom of the sea. The metaphor has been called sacrilegious. It isn't sacrilegious. What does ail it is that it is great nonsense, and the difficult job that is ahead of Mr. Bryan is that he must keep the voters from finding that out.

THE experience of Mr. Robert Garrett, released now, poor gentleman, from the burden of his infirmities, was a striking illustration of the difference between having money and having fun. They are not the same thing; not much.



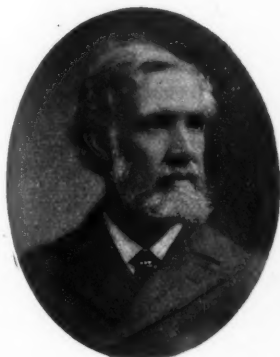
MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr., may be callow and rash, but he is not a quitter. He finally got married against his father's wishes and has returned to private life. His case inspired great interest and a good deal of sympathy. The sentiment of the average

American is that when a man has become engaged to marry a woman, and either of them has anything to live on, it is highly unbecoming in him to back out. French customs and French law recognize the existence of a certain degree of authority in parents and of a duty of obedience in grown children, but neither our laws nor our customs uphold a father in expecting obedience from his grown son. Very probably Mr. Vanderbilt, senior, has reasons with which the public has not been made acquainted for taking his son's plans so hard, but however good his reasons may have seemed to him, it would have been better for him to have realized in time that matters had come to a pass where the only choice the son had was between the lady and the tiger.

LIFE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



JOHN W. GOFF.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

IT is plain to all that our political structure is about to be shaken to its foundations and that the battle of civilization is being waged around us.

The platform of one party has aimed directly at the Supreme Court of the United States, while that of the other does not even hint at the direful consequences to public morals of the modern bathing suits, or suggest any remedy for the prevention of the sale of plaster casts of the Venus de Milo. It is then with genuine pleasure that we direct attention to the merits of our candidates as being men who can safely be intrusted with all that is necessary in our Government. To show that even in the very young the characteristic traits, which later on become the dominant forces in character, are often well developed, we append two striking anecdotes of our worthy candidates.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN W. GOFF.

When this eminent person was a boy of ten he chanced one day to see a little girl trampled under foot by a vicious horse. When the horse departed, leaving the child in great agony and crying loudly for help, this future judge straightway fell upon the girl, and was delivering telling blows upon her eyes and mouth, when strangers interposed and dragged him off.

Upon being questioned as to his reasons for such an unusual proceeding, he replied: "It is obviously the will of the Almighty that this girl should be punished, and it is not for me to question the motives of a Higher Being." How truly does this touching answer foretell the exquisite sense of justice that has since distinguished this marvelous man!

ANECDOTE OF ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

This genial destroyer, whose extraordinary gift for extracting a filthy significance from the most innocent works of art is now so universally recog-

nized, was born of honest parents, who, could they have foreseen their offspring's future, might have been tempted to more drastic methods in his bringing up. While still a child he once entered a museum and saw a beautiful statue of Diana. This statue, although greatly admired for its purity and artistic excellence, filled the mind of the youthful Anthony with such foul and unholy thoughts that he resolved, there and then, that his life should be devoted to the destruction, whenever possible, of all unclad effigies. And this great and good man, who seems to lack only intelligence and charity, has pushed his holy mission so far as to suppress not merely statues but literary classics when he has had the power.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"I WAS at the architect's this afternoon inspecting the plans for our new house," said Mr. Needham. "Did you examine all the details?" asked his wife. "I looked after the important features—the billiard room, the wine cellar and the bicycle closet."



"AM I PIZZY! YOU SEE DAT FLY?"
"DISTINCTLY."

"WELL, HE'S BEEN DARE SINCE MORNIN'. I AINT HAD TIME TO BRUSH HIM OFF."

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

EVERY three dollars sends a child to LIFE's Farm for a two weeks' outing.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt at LIFE's Farm of six bottles of Aromatic Syrup, from Mrs. M. B. Hoyt, Norwalk, Conn.

SPECIMEN LETTERS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

BRANCH Conn J 10th 1896

DEAR PARENTS

I Am very glad to hear when you send me the next letter [that you and your wife and your children are in sound health

Good by

Your Affection
son

C — B —

BRONCHVILLE Con July 10 1896

DEAR MAMMA & PAPA

I Arrived saved and Sound at very late at night. we have Many teachers they are very kind to Us We have a great deal to eat. we have fresh Milk from the Cow when we go to bed is about 8 O'clock we have Each a closet fur our clothes we go in bathing in a little pond it reaches till our knees in our bed we have nice clean things With Millions of kisses to All we remain

M SPANBERG & F. A WEXLER

PROVIDENCE is blamed for a good many things for which it never assumed the responsibility.



AT LIFE'S FARM. ASLEEP.



Mr. Jim Pansee: IF YOU FEEL TIMID ABOUT ENTERING THE WATER, MISS MURPHY, I SHOULD BE GLAD TO TAKE YOUR HAND.
Miss M.: OH NO, THANK YOU. (Sotto voce) IMPUDENT YOUNG MONKEY!



MARK TWAIN RE-DISCOVERED.

IT is very likely that the new and handsome edition of Mark Twain's works that the Harpers are now issuing, will lead a good many thousands of people to re-discover him. For a generation he has been domesticated at almost everybody's fireside. When you said that Mark Twain once remarked so-and-so, everybody set his mouth at the right angle for a smile. Mark Twain and laughter have been synonymous, simultaneous, and interchangeable for so long a time that the great American reading public long ago ceased to make any distinction between them.

But when you get this array of imposing library volumes before you, and begin to dip into them, you discover how much more there is to him than laughter; how many kinds of writing he has done with wonderful skill, and how persistent he has been in trying new things in a literary way. From "Innocents Abroad" to "Joan of Arc" there are



AN EXTRACT FROM A NEWSPAPER NOTE.—“AS SOON AS PROF. KNODLE TOOK THE FLOOR, HIS REMARKS SHOWED THAT NOT A SINGLE POINT HAD ESCAPED HIM.”

half a dozen kinds of Mark Twain; and you will be filled with delight to re-discover him.

* * *

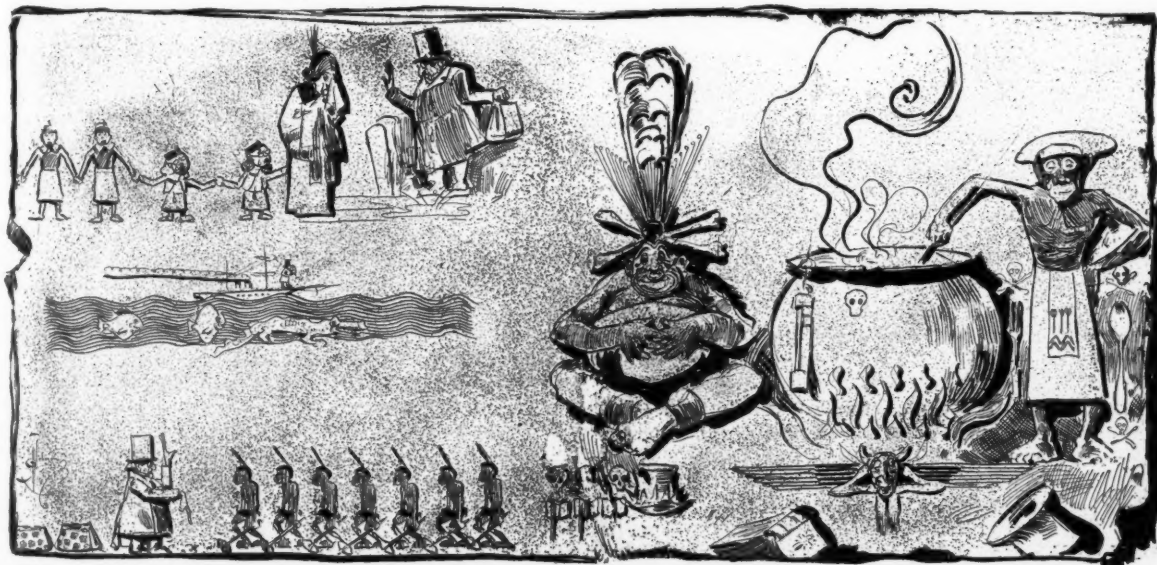
TAKE his “Life on the Mississippi” as an example of one of his books that was not written with humor for its chief intention. If there is in realistic fiction or pretentious history as fine a picture of a certain phase of American life and development as Mark Twain has dropped into these pages, without any apparent effort at accuracy or reality, it certainly has been well concealed from the general reader. Moreover he has pictured an epoch in the making of the Middle West that was unique. His book stands as a photograph of which the original plate is broken. The steamboat supremacy along the Mississippi, which makes the romance of his pages, vanished with the great railroad development after the war.

The surprising thing in the book is not the humor that plays in the most serious chapters—that is expected. But there are pages of description of the various moods of the river that are picturesque and even eloquent; the wonders of a night in the pilot house, the surpassing beauty of dawn, the tragedy of a burning boat, and the enticing mystery of a great fog are pictured with simplicity and mastery.

And that is what the veteran reader will re-discover—that Mark Twain is not only the natural born humorist that everybody has known for a generation, but that he is a serious literary artist who has put into his style the thought and finish that give it permanent value as literature.

Even the English critic, who is always unwilling to find a writer different from his preconceived opinions, has opened his eyes in surprise at “Joan of Arc,” and proclaimed that for vividness in reproducing a long-past era and a famous historical character, the book has not been surpassed for many years.

Droch.



THE MISSIONARY.
FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



A SECRET ALLIANCE.

Young Amazon: GET HIM DOWN ON THE GROUND, TEDDY, AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

UNPUBLISHED SELECTIONS FROM WELL-KNOWN
AUTHORS.

A Basement Romance.

By ARY MILKINS.

ANNE TIN-BANK was preparing the boarders' supper.

She had long owned to thirty-five years, and now got perceptibly rattled at the mention of dates. Her thin wild-cherry colored hair was pathetically eked out with a "seashore bang" of a more conventional color, which sat with perky irrelevance on the front of her meagre head. She wore a bargain suit of dimity, purchased at Macy's, but its curves were empty, and in her unhappy pre-occupation she had forgotten to remove the tag on which the price \$1.99 was marked in plain relentless figures. A \$2.50 diamond ring on her finger had lost its sparkle. Her bicycle face, with its strained reddened eyes and grim mouth, bent over the wrinkled prunes which she was dealing out into saucers.

Outside two of Col. Waring's white-panted menials were quarrelling vivaciously in their native language over a garbage barrel, like a scene from the Italian opera, with the prima donnas "off." A woman learning to ride a bicycle in the street fell off constantly like a circus clown. A man with "extras" shouted out his unintelligible patter. The bells of a cable car near clanged incessantly. All outside was color and life.

But within, Anne Tin-Bank, in her dingy kitchen reeking of plots against dyspeptic boarders, dealt out wrinkled prunes.

They had been soaking for three weeks, and were pretty soft.

She put six in each of the saucers, except one. In that one she put nine. As she did so the chaste prune color reflected itself in her sunken cheek.

"Maybe he'll notice that, an' speak to-night," she said.

Jessie M. Wood.

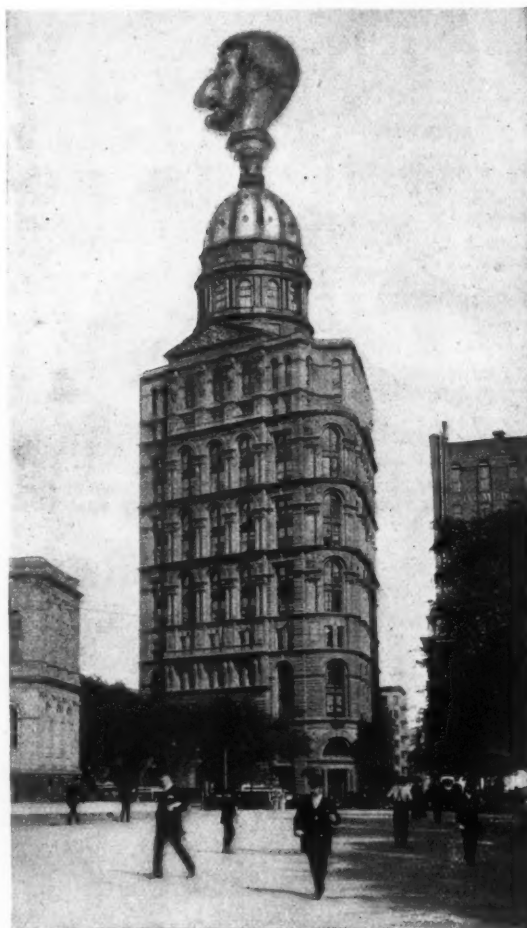
WHEN a man averages up his acquaintances, and compares himself with the result, he generally feels encouraged.

LIFE'S GUIDE TO THE METROPOLIS.

JOURNALISM.

PERHAPS the most prominent peak in the metropolitan mountain range of journalism is the *World* building. This structure rises to a greater height and goes to a greater depth than any other in town.

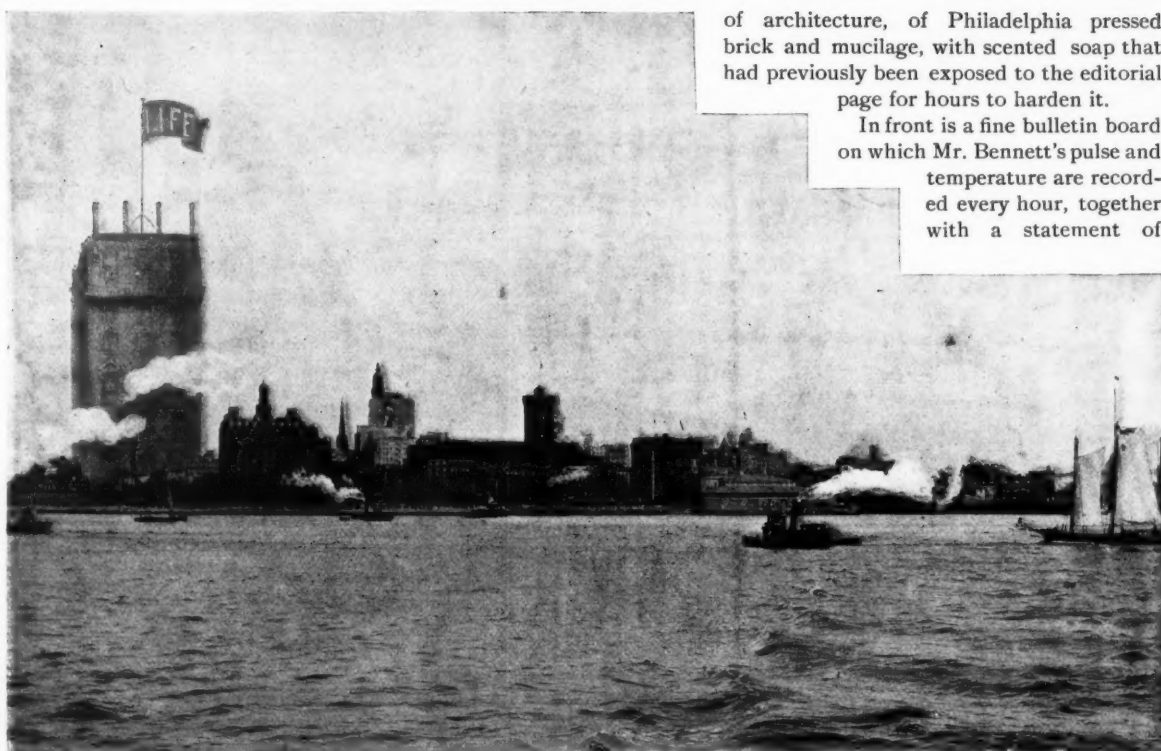
The *World* was founded first in 1860 as a religious paper, and afterward fell under the hands of Joseph Pulitzer. It still preserves some of its original features,



THE WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK.

however. In 1889 Mr. Pulitzer wrote: "God grant dot de *Verld* may forever strive toward der highest iteals—be poth a taily school house und taily forhem, both a taily teacher und a taily dribute, un insdruent of justice, a terror to grime, un aid to education, un exbont to der drue Ameriganism."

This is perhaps the best example that can be given of Mr. Pulitzer's peculiar ability as a newspaper writer,



THE LIFE BUILDING, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER, NEW YORK.

which has rarely been equaled, although some of the men he employs do almost as well as the master hand.

At this time the circulation of the *World* was only 100 copies an hour, but since then it has increased to 8,000,000 a minute, according to sworn affidavits taken directly from the returns.

There are other newspapers in New York, but none that compares with the *World*, although the *Journal*, owned by Hearst, is entitled to some rank. The *Sun*, edited by a man named Dana, has done more for good government than perhaps any other organ, having aided greatly in Cleveland's election, and succeeded in keeping David B. Hill out of New York politics. It is rumored that Mr. Dana will soon retire from the *Sun*, and the Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst will take his place. The *Sun's* motto is: "When you see it in the *Sun* it isn't so."

With the exception of the *World*, the *Herald* is the only paper in New York that is edited by a foreigner. It is said, however, that Mr. Bennett, who is anxious to improve the tone of his paper, is learning to read and write the English language, so that in the course of a few years he may be able to dispense with the services of an interpreter.

The *Herald* has a fine structure on Broadway, just under the shadow of the northwest wing of the LIFE building. It is built in the old Haarlem renaissance style

of architecture, of Philadelphia pressed brick and mucilage, with scented soap that had previously been exposed to the editorial page for hours to harden it.

In front is a fine bulletin board on which Mr. Bennett's pulse and temperature are recorded every hour, together with a statement of

his mental condition, and other facts of mere minor importance.

One of the features of the structure inside is the grand staircase, lined on either side with marble busts of the men who have once been city editors.

The reception room is just over this, leading into the various operating rooms, and just beyond are the wards, splendidly ventilated and giving the patients the best of light.

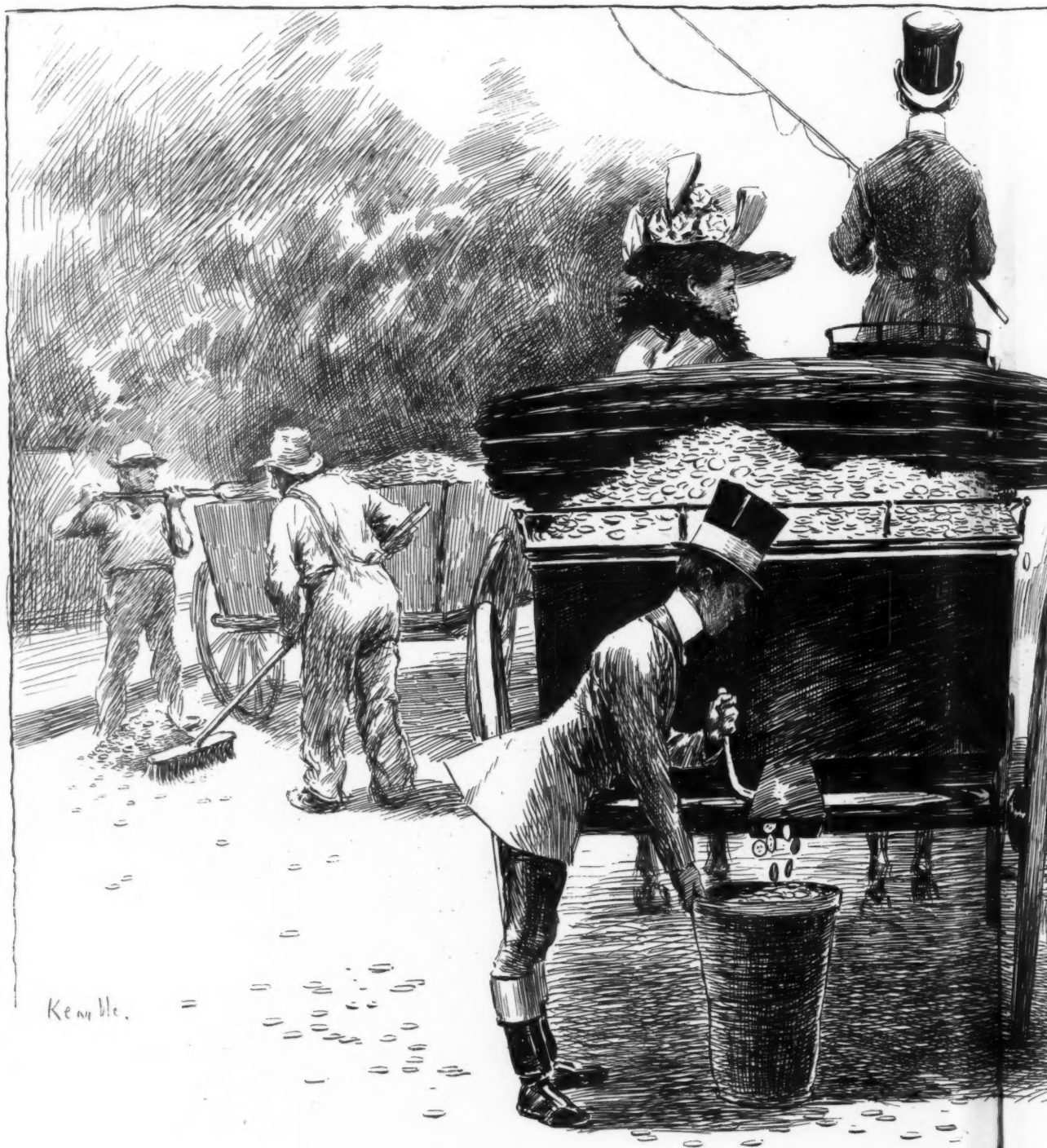
Down stairs, in the basement, are the press rooms where every morning the last sad rites are performed on the daily editions.

A COMMENDABLE IDEA.

AT the coming World's Fair in Paris it is proposed to place the literati on exhibition in separate cages, each doing as nearly as possible what he would do at home while pursuing his professional labors. They will be expected to manifest no outward sign that they are being looked at, and to go on with their work during exhibition hours as diligently as if they were in their own libraries or garrets.—*New York Tribune*.

LIFE trusts that this plan may include an exhibit by the United States.

If some of our prominent literati can be confined in cages in a foreign country, we shall not be inclined to cavil, even if the show of which they are a feature be extended indefinitely beyond the proposed time limit.



SHOPPING IN THE SIL



IN THE SILVER DAYS.

WILLIE IS WITH US!

The Greatest Man on Earth
Consents to Join Life's
Staff.

WHEN we heard recently that one of our contemporaries was making futile efforts to secure the Emperor of Germany as a special writer, in accordance with our well-



WILLIE'S BUSY DAY.

known enterprise, we immediately cabled him and have just received the following reply:

"LIFE,

"New York.

"Your offer of eight cents a cubic foot accepted, provided you publish my picture. Will begin at once.

"WILLIE."

Thus all doubts are set at rest, and LIFE has again shown that it has no equal in journalistic enterprise. We take pleasure in completing the bargain and presenting a picture of our correspondent, showing him in his new role.

Now that William is on our payroll, LIFE's well-known modesty prevents us from alluding at length to his great attainments. It is not too much to say, however, that William of Germany has no equal on earth, for he himself has said it.

A PREFERENCE.

"WHY would you rather be an Episcopal minister than any other, Bobbie?"

"It's easier."

"How so?"

"I wouldn't have to change my bicycle suit 'cause I could wear a white robe over it."

A WARNING.

PAULINA'S lips were all a-pout,
And wrinkles wreathed her brows,
As wrinkles do when pretty girls
Engage in petty rows.

The mother of Paulina had
Refused to let her go
A-wheeling with the nice young man
Paulina had for a beau.

"Nay, nay Pauline," her mother said,
"You must not go alone;
And being stout, you know that I
Won't act as chaperon."

"But, Mamma, listen," urged the maid;
"You know, or ought to know
How many miles I've gone when I
Am out an hour or so."

"You know that my cyclometer
Is certain to betray
The minutes that, perhaps you think
We dally on the way."

Her mother frowned. "My dear," she said,

"Last night I chanced to see
Your beau and you absorbed in talk
Beneath a spreading tree."

"And as you talked, he whirled your wheel
Until the figures showed
That you had traveled twenty miles
Or more along the road."

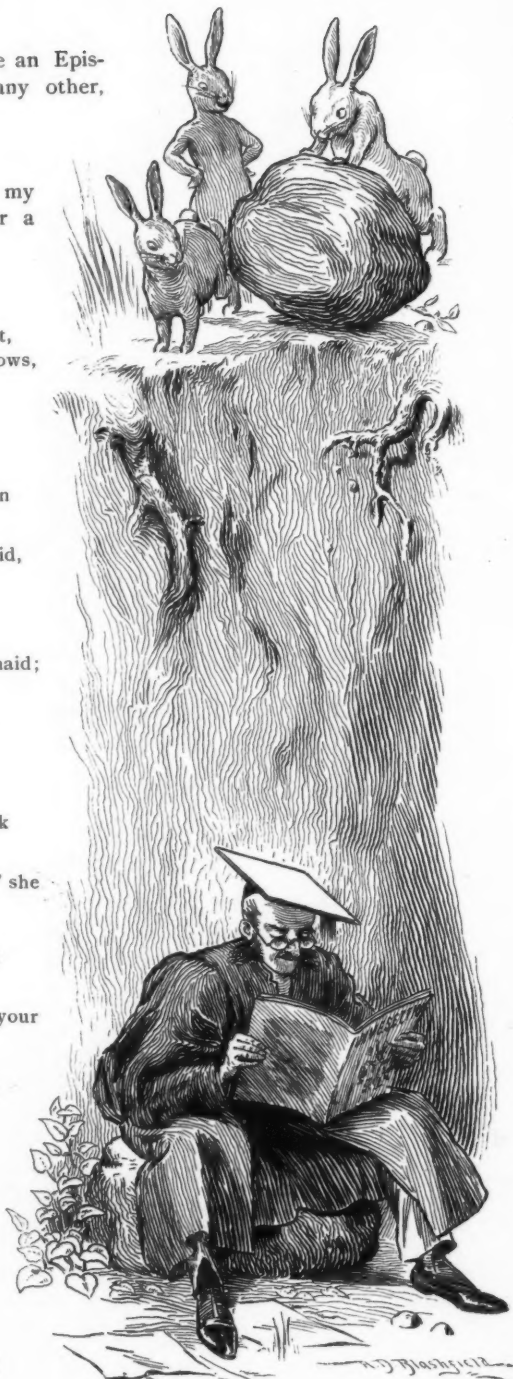
L'ENVOI.

Oh maidens fair and lovers true,
If you would win your fight,
Don't play your cyclometric game
Unless you're out of sight.

W. J. Lampton.

VISITOR: Don't you find your life monotonous?

GRIPMAN: Indeed, I do. In the last ten trips only women and children have been killed. I like a man for a change.



ONE ON HIM.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT STONE, JACK?"
"GOING TO DROP IT ON THE VIVISECTOR, DOWN THERE, TO SEE HOW A CONCUSSION AFFECTS THE BRAIN. IT IS RIGHT IN HIS OWN LINE."

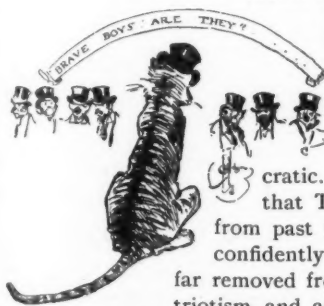
CHESS TERMS.



CHECK MATE.

SOME men have a kind of individuality which, like that of a sore thumb, only makes its possessor uncomfortable.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



IT requires courage to swallow a platform that you have already denounced, for the sake of upholding a candidate who represents a party in name only called Democratic. This is the kind of bravery that Tammany Hall has to spare, and from past records is what we might have confidently expected. Politics is a game far removed from the cheap sentiment of patriotism, and as long as the boys are "out for the dust," they may be relied upon to display any amount of courage in any given direction which seems to offer the most promise.

AN IRON CONSTITUTION.

A GENIUS in Tonawanda, New York, has constructed an electrical man. It is made of steel, and furnished with a storage battery capable of holding electricity enough to run it twenty-four hours at a time.

Of course, it isn't alive, and yet for all ordinary purposes it can fill the office of a man. In some respects it will be an improvement on the ordinary man. It won't swear, steal, nor talk finance at the store while one's wife does washing and kills potato bugs at home. In fact, it doesn't talk at all. This quality would have made it an excellent Presidential possibility in the earlier part of the season.

The inventor of this modest and unassuming creature is a

man of wealth, and will immediately engage in the manufacture of electrical men on a large scale. We cannot have too many of them. In case of military conscription a better substitute can hardly be conceived. Should we become embroiled in a war with any European monarchial effiteness, it would only be necessary to send an army of electrical men against them. Such troops would need no overcoats; neither would they be susceptible to sunstroke. No matter what confronted them, they would trudge right ahead. The Six Hundred that undertook to drive Russia out of the Crimea, and whose foolhardiness gave Tennyson such a nightmare of metre and rhyme, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show in the race for fame along with a regiment of freshly charged, steel-ribbed electrical men. Here is your ideal soldier.

The electrical man can be put to many practical uses, such as plowing for the farmer and doing odd chores around the house. Several of the eastern states have a surplus of women. They will be unable to find husbands without going west. Of course, no one will claim that as a husband an electrical man would be preferred to a man of flesh and tobacco. But when a woman finds herself slowly slipping down the decline of spinsterhood, she's not apt to be squeamish about her partner having such superficial accomplishments as a talent for music, a flowing penmanship, or the ability to use cuss words.

Every family will undoubtedly soon have an electrical man to take care of the bees, arrange the line fence with the adjoining neighbor, and be interviewed by book agents. Dress one in petticoats and a more desirable chaperon could hardly be imagined.

Let us all extend the hand of fellowship to our iron brother.



FIRST CLERK: She's a married lady.
SECOND CLERK: How do you know?

"She ordered two hammocks."



THE KING'S PAWN.



SATISFACTION.

She sat in church that Sabbath day,
With a very satisfied air,
For well she knew, down in her heart,
Her wheel was the swellest there.

—Detroit Tribune.

ONE day a mild-mannered man came along to our camp at Cedar Bend, and after looking around for awhile he said to Jim Taylor, who was then the recognized boss of the camp:

"I suppose you hang a man here now and then?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jim. "Yes, we take pleasure in hanging a man at intervals."

"You hung one about the middle of last June, I believe?"

"Let's see. Middle of last June? Yes, sir, we hung a critter at that time. I had the honor of kickin' the bar'l out from under him myself. Was he a friend of yours?"

"Mebbe he was. Did he resemble me in looks?"

"Wall, now, come to take a straight squint at you, I should say he did. He had your eyes and ha'r, and I should say his nose was a brother to yours. I don't want to press things, but if he was a relashun o' yours you needn't feel at all delikit about sayin' so."

"Did he give his first name as Sam?"

"Yes, he did."

"And his last name as Baker?"

"That's it. I've got it writ down on a book in my shanty."

"Then he was a brother of mine—my only brother," said the stranger in a voice which shook a little. "Would it be agin custom to ask what you hung him fur?"

"Oh! no, no. He picked up a back-load of property belonging to one of the boys and was makin' off when we cotched him."

"Give him a trial?"

"Fur sure."

"Did he say much?"

"Not very much. Jest observed he was mighty glad he was goin' to git shet of this kentry."

"And he died happy?"

"Reasonably so, stranger—reasonably happy. Yes, we all remarked that he seemed to look upon it as a change for the better and that he felt tolerably sartin of reachin' a climate whar' it wouldn't make any difference if he went out doors some mornin' and forgot his overcoat. So it was your brother?"

"Yes."

"Kin I say anythin' to comfort ye, stranger?"

"N-o; I don't know as ye kin," slowly replied the man. "I was jest passin' on my way to White Hill, and I thought I'd stop and see if it really was Sam. I might take a drink if you hev a bottle handy."

"Sartinly—here she is. Don't stint yerself."

"Thanks—that's good, and in the midst of life we are in death. Kinder sorry you hung Sam, but I reckon it had to be, and you kin say to the boys that I ain't kickin'. I take the road to the left, don't I? Wall, so long."—New York Herald.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his famous speech at Manchester, England, in which he talked for an hour against a howling mob of rebel sympathizers before gained their attention, was interrupted by a man in the audience, who shouted: "Why didn't you whip the Confederates in sixty days, as you said you would?" "Because," replied Beecher, "we found we had Americans to fight instead of Englishmen."—Argonaut.

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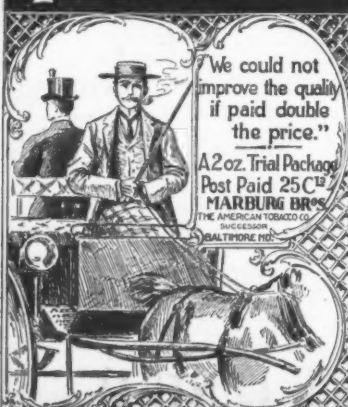
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After the rehearsal the old lady went up to Mr. Cooke, the musical director, and said in a burst of enthusiasm, "Oh, dear! Mr. Cooke, what a wonderful man he is! I declare I never knew what music was capable of till this morning."

"Indeed, madam, he is truly a marvelous man," assented Mr. Cooke, with a smile; "but this morning you are indebted rather to your imagination than your ears for the delight you have had, for Paganini has not really played at all. He has not even touched a bow."

"Well," said the old lady, after a moment's astounded silence, recovering herself, "then all I can say is, he's even more remarkable than I thought he was! For if he can affect me in such a manner without playing, what should I do, how should I feel, when he really did play!"—*Youth's Companion*.

THE campus elms these days are placarded with many grotesque advertisements. The students are selling out their furniture, and here are some of the advertisements:

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"Excuse me," said the man with a great deal of large jewelry, including a campaign button, "but I noticed a big picture in the newspaper you was reading. Would you mind tellin' me who 'tis?"

"Certainly not. It's a picture of Herodotus. They want to put a statue of him in the Congressional Library."

"De ye think dey'll succeed?"

"I shall be surprised if they do not."

"I s'pose not. It jis' goes ter show!"

"It goes to show what?"

"How much dese foreigners is managin' ter mix in an' run de affairs o' dis Government."

—Washington Star.

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THE following letter, highly characteristic of the Autocrat, was received, in 1864, with a copy of a short poem, in the hand-writing of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and signed by him, to be sold at a great sanitary fair which was then in operation. The letter, which is printed now for the first time, was discovered too late to be included in the *Life and Letters*, a fact which Mr. Morse keenly regretted:

MY DEAR SIR: The mere mechanical labour imposed in answering the numerous applications from various parts of the country takes up so much of my time that I think I do pretty well if I get off my batch of autographs, and answer my indefatigable and interminable female correspondents, so as to be clear of dead and unburied letters at the week's end. I have been slightly prostrated with a mild autographic fever for some weeks. Within a few days it has put on a malignant aspect. It was only a slight efflorescent affair which played about the surface at first, but now it is striking in and aims at the vitals. In short, I am now besieged for *original* communications, from different quarters, all at once, remorselessly, and if I do not yield at once, persistently, I should be false to my country and to my duty, if I killed the goose that is laying golden eggs for the good cause every day. If I should attempt to answer these requests for original communications, it would be the death of

me, I am sure. Now I am writing autographs for my country at such a rate, that I am quite satisfied the income from this source alone (that is, their sale at innumerable fairs) must be an important item in the resources of the Sanitary Association.

I have several other reasons why I feel that I ought not to be urged on this point, which I will briefly classify under their several heads.

First,—

Excuse me, my dear sir, but a sudden demand upon me for a gross and a half of autographs "with sentiments," by return mail, compels me to relinquish my enumeration of the reasons, which, I am sure, you would have found convincing.

I will, however, promise that as soon as my new autographic, automatic arrangement is completed, by which the enormous labour of the manual fabrication of signatures can be transferred to machinery, I will send you the first instalment of a story to be called *St. Sebastian in the 19th Century; or, The Sufferings of a Living Target*.

Yours respectfully,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—*The Bookman*.

BOSTON, January 28, 1864.

No jokes are better appreciated than those that are made unwittingly by sober-minded men.

An English journal relates a case in point, the sober-minded man being Mr. John Burns, a very serious member of the House of Commons. He was speaking in a pessimistic strain about what he felt to be a great falling-off in the character and standing of that august body.

"Since I came into this House, four years ago," he said, "the confidence of the public in it has much diminished."

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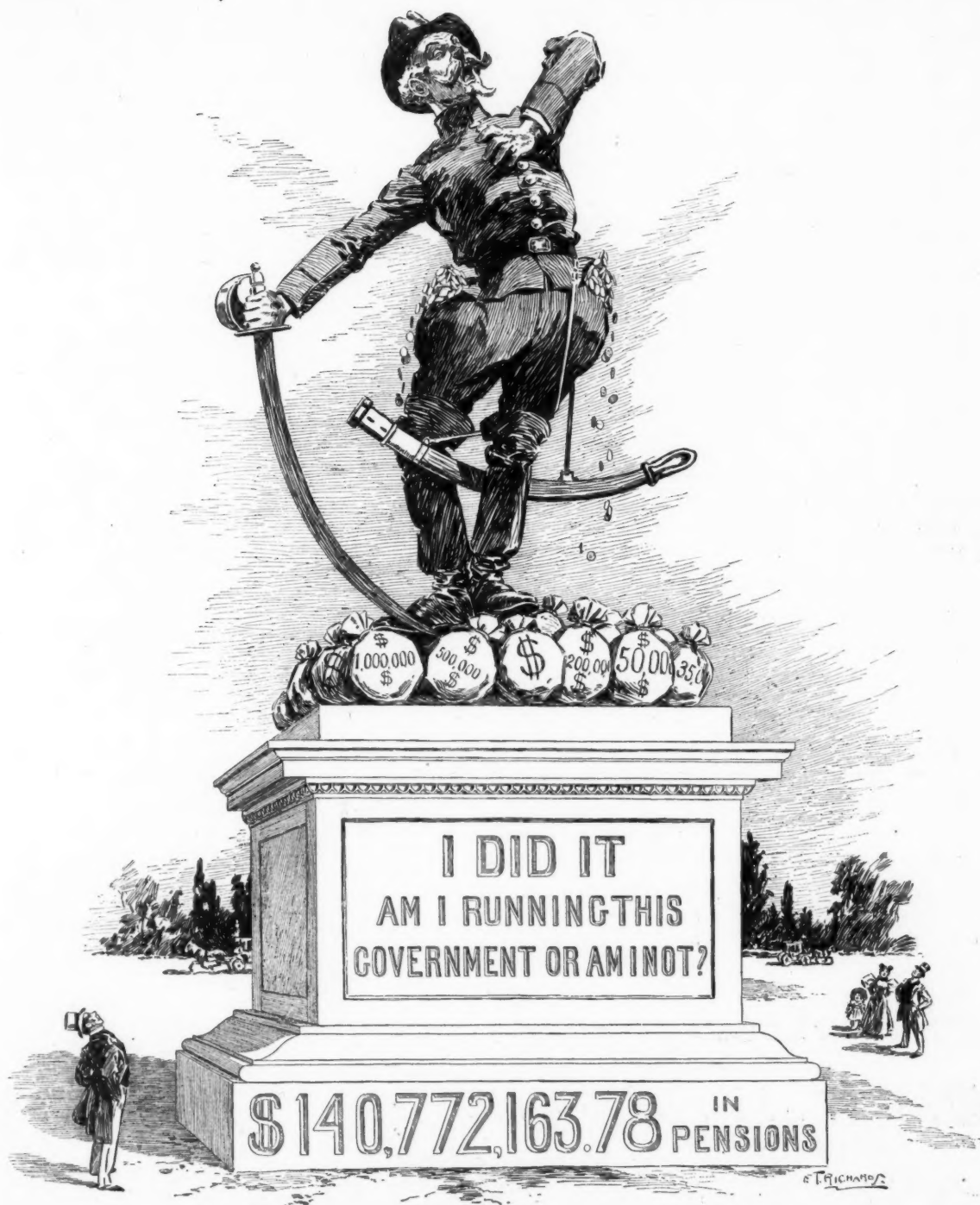
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THE Washington "Post" tells a story of a young man in Washington who came to this city the other day, not because he wanted to see New York, or because he had any business here, but because he had a pass on one of the railroads and didn't mean to let a thing like that escape him. He came back yesterday. Everybody asked him what he had seen over in town. He hadn't seen anything.

"Well, didn't you go anywhere?" asked somebody, finally.

"Not on your life," said the boy. "D'y'e think I was going to pay \$2 a day for a room and not use it all the time?"—*New York Tribune*.



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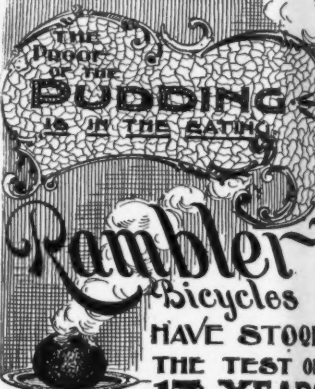
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